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Fair and Warmer Tonight, Tuesday

SPORTING Edition

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"91"

DERIVSHAT PERIODA IN CLASS B

TWO OTHER CONTESTANTS IN RACE HAVE NOT YET BEEN SIGHTED.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, June 8.—The summer yacht Derivshat, owned by Commander Henry Morse of the Columbia Yacht Club, has won the ocean race from Malabed to Hamilton in class B. She finished at 12:45 o'clock this morning. None of the competitors in her class was in sight at daylight.

Made 182 Miles in a Day.—Commander Morse, the owner of the Derivshat, was surprised at the work done by the vessel and the crew.

All Prize Venues.—The ship was high and the sea was rough, but the Derivshat was found in her berth at 11 o'clock.

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National Committee Awards Him Delegates from Two Southern Districts—Hitchcock Has to Give Up Seat in Committee.

CHICAGO, June 8.—Four more delegates were added to the Taft list to-day when the Republican National Committee voted to seat the contestants from the third Florida district and the first Georgia district favorable to the Secretary of War.

Frank H. Hitchcock, Taft's manager, who participated in last week's sessions of the committee on the proxy of Solomon Luna of New Mexico, had he would not try to take part again. Luna has arrived, and entered the committee meeting to-day.

A hurry call sent to Congress man McKim, the real manager of the Cannon boom, by Senator Hemenway of Indiana and Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, brought the former to this city to-day. He is expected to prove a tower of strength to the cause of the "allies" and to hold in line certain of the leaders who are becoming too "radical" in their fight against Taft to suit either Crane or Hemenway.

TO PROTECT OUR FRIENDS.—It is not the question of fighting for the national committee and the committee to do so in order to secure the nomination of Taft.

NEGROES DEMAND ACTION.—The negro question is becoming more and more prominent every day. In every part of the country, the negroes are demanding that the Republican National Committee take action on the negro question.

BATTING ORDER.—The batting order for the Republican National Committee is as follows: 1. Taft, 2. Cannon, 3. McKim, 4. Hemenway, 5. Murray, 6. Crane, 7. Hitchcock, 8. Luna, 9. Bradley, 10. Crowder.

SIX WORKMEN DROWN AS BOAT CAPSIZES.—Six workmen were drowned when a boat capsized in the harbor of Boston to-day.

THE WEATHER.—Fair and continued warmer to-night and Tuesday. Light southwest winds.

High tide, 6 a. m., 6:30 p. m.

Sun rises, 4:07 a. m.; sets, 7:10 p. m.

Moon sets, 1:02 a. m.

But Little Humidity.—At 1 o'clock the weather officials found it was 85 and an hour later it had climbed another degree.

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THOUSANDS SWELTER UNDER BROILING SUN

PROSTRATION AND SUFFERING IN CITY; MERCURY CLIMBS OVER 90 MARK.

PROSTRATION.—DANIEL ELDER, forty years of age, as Lone Wharf Better Hospital condition serious.

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"MERGED BILL REPEAL," CRON BEACON WILL

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DOVES HOSTILE HARD WIND-UP OF TAFT CUPS

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HOW MEN WOULD LOOK IF WOMEN MADE THEIR STYLES



By T. E. POWERS. when they were long black ruffies instead of curls, stretch plumes in their heads and glared back-slashes on their noses. In those days a man could dress as his wife wanted him to without attracting any attention. His nowadays—well, just imagine me walking down the street looking like the picture above.—T. E. POWERS.

carries a beauty box. Here is what Tad says: By TAD. Every woman wants a beautiful

"The Silver Ring THE SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES OF WOMEN--By DOROTHY DIX The World's
So Dear That NUMBER TWO--NEATNESS Debt to Mothers

Illustration by J. J. J. for the article "The Other Side of the Coin" by Beatrice Fairfax.

The Mouth of Brides and Roses
This is the mouth of brides and roses—the happy, most beautiful mouth of all the year.
Every little bride, with your shining mouth, is smiling, smiling, smiling.

[illegible]



Aha —
a thought suggests itself — and
that is to get hold of a box of

ZU ZU
GINGER SNAPS

My, but they look good — so
enticingly golden and crispy.

5¢ A Package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE BOSTON AMERICAN One of the Seven Modern Wonders of the World!

The other six wonders are, WHY-THE-COMMON-PEOPLE-STAND-IT!

Vacation Goer's Catechism

By C. B. Quincy

Q. WHAT is a vacation?
A. A vacation is a period in which a man gives up work so he can do nothing for work that he can perform only with great difficulty.
Q. What is an ideal vacation?
A. One spent in a tent or in a boat.
Q. Why is this an ideal vacation?
A. Because it entails an extraordinary amount of unusual and laborious toil.
Q. Describe a vacation in a tent.
A. Words are futile.
Q. How far can you go with the aid of a dictionary?
A. A tent is a place of canvas so arranged that it catches every wind within a radius of twenty yards, and, having collected them into a reservoir, dumps the resultant lake upon your back.
Q. Has a tent any other uses?
A. Yes: it gathers every fly within a hundred yards and keeps the temperature 30 degrees higher in its shade than in the sun.
Q. Why do people take their vacation in a tent?
A. Because it is so acutely uncomfortable that they think it must be doing them good.
Q. Is tent life a benefit?
A. Yes: to the tent-makers.
Q. What is the difference between a tent and a city hall?
A. The tent has considerably more room and is within striking distance of the innovation of life.
Q. What is the great advantage, if any, of the tent?
A. It looks remarkably picturesque—in photographs.
Q. What is the pleasure of a vacation in a boat?
A. Its exquisite discomfort. A boat is so constructed that the strokes of oars are a spring mattress by comparison.
Q. How the boat or canoe any advantage over the tent?
A. Yes: in a small boat you will simply become an airship and soar out of your reach, leaving you sitting on the sand, whereas the boat or canoe will capsize, mingling you with the ocean until some fishermen comes and pulls you out.
Q. A boat or canoe, then, must be "unhospitable."
A. Undoubtedly: to have blistered hands and wet feet is so acutely uncomfortable that it must do one lots of good.
Q. What do you know about tents?
A. This is a freakish habit that has overthrown its banks. It is preceded by a succession of blisters and abrasions, and is valued as a sort of brand of martyrdom to the sun.
Q. Are there any other vacations that do one good?
A. The vacation "about" is one of them. Some fast and aching legs are its greatest benefit. Also being caught by nightfall ten miles from anywhere and a desolate swamp. The vacation then upholders the face, hands and neck to receive the appearance of the rest after a fifty-mile hike.
Q. How the water enter waiting?
A. Oh, just he feels greatly superior to the others, and in the water, at a distant roadside, he will wait, as it is he can see through the auto's mud and in the interval of doing so how far he is behind Weston's twenty-five-hour rest.
Q. What appears to be the main object of a vacation?
A. To live as uncomfortably and to work as hard at some strange and trying form of manual labor as one can, after a year spent in an office chair.
Q. Could you suggest any improvement upon present methods in this direction?
A. Not for breaking, disfiguring and humiliating. One may find the plans already mentioned.
Q. Then you will spend your vacation at about this summer?
A. No! I don't intend to go camping and camping in the Canadian woods.

Disgracing a Mother's and Father's Religion Is Mean Business

No Wonder the Rev. Mr. Freuder Decided to Return to Judaism

Jews to a very small extent carry on conversion. Christians try to convert Jews. Mohammedans try to convert every body, preferably with a sharp sword.

All of these efforts probably have a good effect upon those that try to make the convert. The individual who gives to a mission or helps a mission along feels better and is better. In addition, the missionaries carry phonographs, typewriters, fountain pens and all kinds of useful knowledge into all sorts of out of the way places, AND THAT IS A GOOD THING.

The man who converts or tries to convert another to his own religious thinking is at least a well meaning person, possessing reverence for his father's and mother's faith.

But for the man who becomes converted nobody has very much respect—unless the convert be some poor, dening savage.

The savage approached by a missionary is usually in the same condition as an ordinary white man would be if an angel, with miraculous powers and all evidences of supernatural power, came down from above thundering and lightning.

None of us could well refuse to be converted by angels direct from the sky with the power of life and death.

The poor, naked savage in his blindness cannot be blamed for overturning the badly painted wooden idol, when he sees the miracle-working missionary with the phonograph, the sharp knife, red calico petticoats, typewriter, purple beads, condensed milk and pickles.

It would take more brain than the savage has to resist all those arguments.

The so-called civilized man, however, who gives up his religion and takes up another religion, USUALLY ONE THAT TAKES HIM MORE FASHIONABLE OR PROFITABLE, is a pretty poor sample of humanity.

The man who abandons his religion and believes in nothing in particular is perhaps to be pitied, but he is not disloyal to a father and mother.

For a man to leave the faith of his own people and take up another faith, changing one for the other, is a feeble performance intellectually and a mean performance sentimentally.

The other day it was announced that a man named Guggenheim, a very rich Jew, was to become a Christian, joining some particular brand of the Protestant church.

This has been denied more or less officially. The denial is welcome. In Portugal, when a man had to become a Christian or be burned alive, there was a fairly good case for becoming converted, on the surface at least. The Jews in that time did not really change their religion at all except under compulsion and in APPEARANCE. At Strasbourg, in one day, hundreds of Jews actually walked up to the fire and were burned alive rather than consent EVEN TO CALL THEMSELVES CHRISTIANS.

It would be a dismal thing in America, where Jews by their efforts have achieved great success, and where their devotion to their own faith and their pride in their own people command respect, to see a successful Jew doing for the sake of a little petty, imaginary society advancement, that which the real fighting Jew of the old days would not do even to save his body from the flames.

Mr. Guggenheim is to be congratulated on his denial. He and all others can be quite sure that to trade the faith of father and mother for a cheap second-hand "society position" would be a pretty poor trade.

The other day, here in Boston, the Rev. Samuel Freuder, a Jew, converted—so he said—to Protestantism, and occupying a pulpit in the Protestant Episcopal church, went back to Judaism, and publicly stated that he would rather push a push-cart than continue to pose as a Christian. He also stated, what many could have told him, that he had found it a pretty hopeless task to try to convert Jews.

We don't know anything about Mr. Freuder. Our guess offhand would be that Judaism didn't lose very much when he went into the Episcopal church, and that Episcopalianism isn't losing a great deal now that he has gone back to Judaism.

Generally speaking, the man that abandons his friends, family or religion to take up with another is not much of a loss to those he leaves or much gain to those he joins.

Every man, as the Bible tells us, has a right to think things over for himself. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." A man can investigate his own beliefs, his own religious ideas, if he chooses. His brain was given to him to be used, the power to form opinion was given to him to be used. All religion, of course, is a matter of faith, of belief. Mohammedans believe in angels with faces so big that it would take an express train many days to travel across the angel's forehead. A Mohammedan has a right to believe that if he wants to, although he never saw such an angel. But he would be rather foolish to change his mind and hurt his mother's feelings in order to believe in angels a little bit smaller—also angels that no-body now living ever saw.

Of all converts the Jew turning to Christianity is perhaps least respectable. For he not only leaves the religion of his father and mother, but he takes up a religion that has BURNED THOUSANDS OF HIS PEOPLE TO DEATH, THAT HAS PERSECUTED HIM AND HIS RACE SYSTEMATICALLY FOR CENTURIES. And when he joins that religion he is giving a good imitation of the dog that crawls on its belly to lick the feet of the man that has kicked it.

That Taft Boom May Be a Boomerang

The "Great Interest" Near That Mr. Roosevelt's Candidate May Enjoy "N.Y. Policies"

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Mr. Taft will be REGULAR! He will be sedate! He will abide by his party's caucuses. He will name a cabinet not personal but "regular"! Personal government will VANISH!

Meantime the "great interests" have developed not only this Taft satisfaction but the further idea that, ANYWAY, they have the Senate and, perhaps, it would not be so bad to let Mr. Bryan be a futile President.

No equally interesting national situation ever has appealed to the independent citizen!

It is now growing quite plain and evident that the Taft boom is a BOOMERANG for the Roosevelt policies. Stronger and stronger grows the peculiarly suggested promise, the powerfully whispered ELECTION that the nomination and election of Mr. Taft will mean a reversion to the old Republican party rule. No more Rooseveltism!



THE HALL-ROOM BOYS THEY DO IT ON \$13 PER

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THEY PLAN TO DINE WITH GOTCUSH, BUT FATE WILLS OTHERWISE